

Edgefield Advertiser.

"WE WILL CLING TO THE PILLARS OF THE TEMPLE OF OUR LIBERTIES, AND IF IT MUST FALL, WE WILL PERISH AMIDST THE RUINS."

SIMKINS, BURISOE & CO., Proprietors.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., MARCH 18, 1863.

VOLUME XXVIII.—No. 11

Literary Department.

BY MISS CLARA V. DARGAN.

Fast Day.

Friday, the 27th, is appointed by our Chief Magistrate as a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer. It has been frequently proposed that certain hours of certain days be set apart for special prayer by the Women of the South in behalf of our suffering land. We believe—aye, we know—that these periods have been scarcely observed by some, at least, if not by all; and none can deny the efficacy of "faithful prayer." On this day therefore, Friday, the 27th of March, at three o'clock in the afternoon, will not the Mothers, Sisters, and Daughters of this Confederacy unite in earnest petitions for a speedy and honorable peace, and will be with us.

"If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father in Heaven."

"The Substitute."

The reader will be involuntarily attracted to this striking poem, which we copy from the Richmond *Disseminated News*. Its subject is one of those instances of grand heroism which tell us that man is not yet altogether lost to the god-like attribute of his original nature. Perhaps no incident of the war has challenged the poet's genius, having so high a grade of moral beauty in its *tout ensemble*. And, for one, we are satisfied with the classic purity and dignity with which Mr. HAYNE has committed it to verse, and we may add, to immortality.

The Bracelet.

A STORY FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY CLARA V. DARGAN.

"Oh, Mamma, Annie Lyman is going to give a party! Grace and Mary Fuller, and Lizzie Truman and Bessie and all the girls are going. Oh, Mamma, mayn't I go?"

"Always in a glee. See, how your cheeks glow, and your curls are all tossed! Be gentle, my child."

"But, Mamma, how can I be gentle when I'm talking about the party. Please say I may go. Do, my dearest Mamma, say yes!"

The little speaker threw her plump white arms around her mother's neck, and kissed her vigorously. Mrs. Merton smiled.

"Oh, Maysie, you are a sad teaser! And why do you wish to go to Annie Lyman's party? I thought you did not like her."

"Oh, that was long ago. She used to be proud and not notice us girls at school; but she has grown quite pleasant now. Do say yes!"

It was not the mother's rule to refuse consent unless justified by some good reason; so after settling the preliminaries, and finding that the party would not interfere with school duties on Friday night, the little girl was sent away to see if Polly had "done up" the pretty white dress her Grandmamma sent her for the last May-party.

The important evening arrived, and May Merton stood before the great cheval glass in her mother's dressing room viewing her graceful little figure. The folds of muslin fell like fleecy clouds from the slender waist clasped by a blue silk zone; a wreath of rosebuds confined the wayward curls; and then her fairy feet with their tiny slippers, and the amber necklace—Cousin Fannie's Christmas gift—which lay upon her fair throat as some-body has said "like sunset upon snow"—you may be sure it was a pretty picture. But the little lady was not quite satisfied.

In a velvet-lined case beside her mother's jewel case lay a bracelet which May had often coveted. It was very delicately plaited of her dead father's hair; and tho' destined as a gift to her only child, Mrs. Merton very properly forbade her to wear it till she was old enough to appreciate its value, and take due care of what was so precious.

"I wish I could wear it to-night," May murmured to herself; "None of the girls have bracelets except Annie, and they would admire it so much. I am sure I should not hurt it this one night."

She turned round. The dressing-case was open, and the casket in it. The maid had just gone up stairs to get her cloak for her to walk with; her little mistress as it were was clear; and no one was near. It was a great temptation.

"I wonder why Mamma always refuses to let me wear it. Annie Lyman wears a gold one with rubies in it, and she is no older than I am. Any how it would be no harm to try it on!"

This soliloquy she moved towards the bureau, and lifted the lid of the casket with a trembling hand. There it lay with its richly-clasped gleaming in the gas-light. It was a decisive moment. Oh, children, at such a time as this, when you feel the powerful Tumbler in your heart and hear him whisper, "Do!" think of the blessed Savior in the wilderness when all the powers of earth and hell combined to lure him from his Father; think of your guardian angel who flutters his bright wings above you, and is ever near to guard tho' you cannot see him; think of these things, and clasping your little hands pray earnestly "God help me!"

May stood quite still for a moment, and

then—the Tempter conquered! She took the bracelet from its velvet bed, and clasped it on her fair, round arm. Just then a step was heard on the stairs, and hastily shutting the box, the little girl caught up her cloak, and met Ellen as she opened the door.

"Your Mamma wishes you to wear this, Miss May," said the maid, holding a beautiful ermine mantle; "She says it may be cold when we are coming home, and she cannot send the carriage for you as one of the horses is lame."

And here was the second temptation. She could not drop her cloak for fear Ellen would see the bracelet; but wear the ermine mantle she must. Deception comes easily, and there was but one way.

"Ellen," she said, "I wish very much I had a bouquet of some kind. Can you not get me one?"

"There are some beautiful roses in the garden, and that bush of—what-ever-you-call-it—all white blossoms, you know, is blooming; but your Mamma told you not to pull them without her leave."

"Oh," returned May, "she will not care; I can explain it. Run down quickly, Ellen, and get me a pretty bunch—that's a good girl."

Away went the maid, always ready to do her little mistress's bidding; and May hastily threw aside her cloak, and wrapped the ermine mantle around her pretty white shoulders. Afraid to go down to the parlor lest her mother should wish to inspect her dress—as was quite natural—she stood by the window and watched the passengers hurrying along the street below. Once something whispered to her to take off the bracelet, but she put the good angel off with "Just this one night;" and soon Ellen returned breathless with the stolen flowers. For whatever is taken secretly and without leave is certainly stolen. But poor little May did not think about it in this light; she only knew that she was determined to wear the bracelet, and never once dreamed of the many sins it would lead to. They went down together, and leaving the bouquet on the table in the hall, May entered the parlor to bid her mother good-night. Her heart beat guiltily, as Mrs. Merton looked up from her netting and said with a smile—

"Dressed at last! And quite tastefully! I have no doubt. Throw aside the mantle, and let me see you, Maysie."

"Oh, Mamma, I have on just what you laid out for me; the dress, and sash and neck-lace, and—ah, besides it is so late."

The mother looked at her child; the smile faded from her face. Not the words alone pained her, but the tone was decidedly impatient, and May had not been accustomed to speak thus. Alas! how one sin leads to another! Mrs. Merton turned to the maid.

"Ellen, take good care of your mistress, and see that she is well wrapped-up before she goes into the night air. You may go, my daughter, I hope you will enjoy yourself."

The tears started into May's eyes at these words. A good resolution rose in her heart, but at that moment the door bell rang, and she heard Grace Fuller's voice enquiring if she were ready. It was too late now, she thought. "Good-night, dear Mamma," she whispered throwing her arms around her mother's neck, and kissing her, "Forgive my impatience!" and she ran to meet Grace.

The large drawing rooms of Annie Lyman's princely home were blazing with light, and gay with bright faces and merry voices as Grace and May reached the door. They were greeted with great enthusiasm for both were general favorites. All eyes fell upon May's new bracelet, and many were the enquiries as to who gave it, and whose hair it was, and why she had not worn it before. To all these questions the little lady replied with dignity, and reserve; so much so that some of the envious went off declaring May Merton had grown very vain and haughty. The evening passed pleasantly. Annie Lyman the only daughter of wealthy and injudicious parents, moved about among her little guests in all the glories of a flounced tarleton and the ruby-bracelet. I have not time to tell all that happened on that wonderful night long remembered by the girls and boys who participated in its pleasures; nor how May laughed and danced and played till Ellen came to tell her it was after ten. But in all her mirth and lightness the bracelet was never forgotten; and all the admiring glances cast upon it, and all the compliments paid her by the young beaux in round-jackets and white pants did not, case the aching pain in her heart. She had never deceived her mother before, and the thought of her gentle face and its painful surprise cankered in May's heart till she almost cried. She left the bright scene and her merry companions, and sought the room where a few of the girls were putting on their cloaks and hoods. Good-natured Lizzie Truman was there, and insisted on May's riding with her as she was alone in the large family-coach. So Grace and May, dismissing their maids to walk on, waited a little for Lizzie to finish marking the lessons for Annie Lyman who had not been to school for several days, and the three then bade good night to all, and entered the carriage. In a few minutes they reached May's home, and after many promises to meet early at school on Monday, the little girl jumped out and ran up the steps. Her Mamma was not yet gone to bed, but sat netting by the lamp as if she had not moved.

"Come in, my daughter!" she said, as May stood hesitating upon the threshold. "Have you enjoyed the evening?" The gentle tones fell upon the miserable child's heart "like oil on troubled waters." She burst into tears, and fell at her mother's feet.

"Mamma, Mamma," she cried, "don't speak so kindly to me! I do not deserve it,—indeed, I do not."

As she spoke she took the bracelet from her arm, and placed it in her mother's hand. "There, Mamma, see how wicked I have been!"—and tho' choked with sobs, she told the whole story of her sin, from the first deception to the last. It was a great relief to tell the whole without a single excuse, and May poured out all her guilt and vanity into that dear, kind mother's sympathizing heart. And what did that mother do? She took the little wanderer in her arms, and forgave her! Just, my dear children, as God forgives all those who turn from their sins and seek his love. May you learn like this little girl to acknowledge your faults, and come to your Heavenly Father's feet, to implore his forgiveness. He will never refuse it.

Little May grew up to be a noble and beautiful woman. Years after this incident happened she would recall it to preserve her from temptation; and now, as her own children gather around her knee, their sweet-faced Grandmother still netting by the lamp, and Ellen a pretty old Mamma rocking the baby in the corner, she warns them to beware of vanity, and tells them the story of "The Bracelet."

From the "Illustrated News."

The Substitute.

By PAUL H. HAYNE.

(Note.—The infamous crime of McNeill, perpetrated in one of our Western States has now met with the shuddering reprobation of Christendom. But at the time the following verses—cast, as the reader will perceive, in a partly dramatic mould—were composed, nothing was known of the tragedy, excepting the naked fact that ten Confederates had been hastily and ignominiously murdered by order of a Federal Commander, on a charge afterwards proved to have been false, and that one of these unfortunate victims (a mere youth), voluntarily sacrificed his life to rescue his friend, a man advanced in years, and with a large family! In the poem this latter individual is represented as unwary of the youth's resolve until it had been executed.)

Between the 1st and 2nd parts of the piece, about twenty-four hours are supposed to have elapsed.

PART FIRST.

(Place.—A Federal Prison.—A Confederate chained, and a Visitor, his friend.)

"How say'st thou to-day to-morrow? Oh! my Friend! The bitter, bitter doom! What hast thou done to tempt this ghastly end—This death of shame and gloom?"

"What done? Do Tyrants wait for guilty deeds, To find, or prove a crime— They who have cherished Hatred's fiery seeds Not for the Harvest time?"

"A sneer! a smile! vague trifles light as air— Some foolish, false surmise— Lead to the harrowing Drama of despair— Wherein—the victim dies!"

"And I shall perish! Comrade, heed me not! For thus my tears must start— Not for the misery of my blasted lot, But for the joy which my heart beat!"

"And there's the flowers that wreathed my humble hearth With roseate blush and bloom,— To-morrow ere they stand alone on earth, Beside their Father's tomb!"

"There's Blanche, my serious beauty, lithe and tall, With pensive eyes and brow,— There's Kate, the tenderest darling of them all, Whose kisses thrill me now!"

"And little Rose! the sunshine of our days— A trickery, gladsome spirit— How vividly come back her winsome ways, Her laughter and delight!"

"And my brave boy—my Arthur! Did his arm Second his will and brain, I should not groan beneath this iron chain, Clashing my chains in vain!"

"Oh! Christ! and hath it come to this? Will Ward off the 'ghastly End?' And yet methinks I heard the voice of One Who called the old man—'Friend!'"

"May all the curses caught from deepest Hell Light on the blood-stained knave, Who laughs to hear the Patriot's funeral knell, Blaspheming o'er his grave!"

"Away! Such dreams are madness! My pale lips Had best beseege Heaven's ear; But in the turmoil of my mind's eclipse, No thought, no wish is clear!"

"Dear friend, forgive me! Sorrow, frenzy, ire— My bosom's raging guests— By turn have whirled me in their floods of fire— Fierce passions, swift unrest!"

"And now, farewell! The sentry's warning hand Taps at my prison bars! We part, but not forever! There's a Land, Comrade, beyond the stars!"

"You!" said the youth; and o'er his kindling face A saint-like glory came—

As if some prescient Angel, breathing grace, Had touched it into flame!

PART SECOND.

(Place.—The same Prison. Persons.—The Confederate Prisoner—together with McNeill and the Jailor.)

The Hours sink slow to sunset! Suddenly Rose a deep, gathering hum! And o'er the measured stride of soldiery, Rolled out the muffled drum!

The Prisoner started! A shuddering sigh, Then rose erect and proud!— Scorn's lightning quivered in his stormy eye, 'Neath the brow's thunder-cloud!

And girding round his limbs and stalwart breast Each iron chain and clug— He stood sublime, imperial, self-possessed— And haughty as a King!

The "dead-march" waltz without the Prison gate, Up the calm evening sky; And rufian jestings, both of rufian hate, Make loud, unmet reply!

The "dead-march" waltz without the Prison wall, Up the calm evening sky; And timed to the dreary dirge's rise and fall, Move the fierce Murders by!

The hired Bravos, whose pitiless features pale In front of armed men— But whose magnanimous courage will not quail Where—none can strike again!

They passed! and wondering at his doom deferred The Captive's lofty lip Sunk in his breast by torturing memories stirred Of Husband, and of Son!

But hark! the clash of bolt and opening door! The tramp of hostile feet!— When lo! upon the darkening prison floor, Glared the false hood—McNeill!

And next him, like a hound dog scenting blood, Roused from his drunken ease— The grimy, low browed Jailor glowering stood, Clanking his iron keys!

"Quick! sirrah! strike off yon Rebel's fetters off— And let the old fool see What ransom, (with a low and bitter scoff)— What ransom sets him free!"

"A glorious business! by the Fieud, I hold But Butler's put to shame! I mark his lurid honors pale and sink Before my crimson fame!"

As the night Traveller in a land of foes, The warning instant feels, That through the treacherous dimness and repose, A shrouded Horror steals!

So, at these veiled words, the Captive's soul Shook with a solemn dread— And ghostly voices prophesying dole, Moaned faintly over head!

His limbs are freed! his swarthy, scowling guide Leads thro' the silent town, Where from dim casements—black with wrath and pride Stern eyes gleam darkly down!

They halted where a dense wood shrouded around Dark leaflets on the sod, And the live air seemed roared with the sound Of wild appeals to God!

Heaped as if common carrion in the gloom, Nine mangled corpses lay— All speechless now!—but with what tongues of doom Reserved for Judgement Day!

And near them, but apart, one youthful form Propped a fair upland slope, O'er whose white brow a sunbeam flickering warm Played, like a heavenly hope!

There, with the same grand look which yesternight That face at parting wore, The self-made martyr in the sun, at-light Slept on his couch of gore!

The sunset waned! the wakening forest waved, Struck by the North-wind's moan, While he whose Life this matchless death had saved Knelt by the cross—alone!

POOR PERCIVAL! His only grief was the early blight of a first and only love. His was a broken heart; and all the "forms and shadows of things" in the world had no attraction in his eyes. It was in a spirit such as this, that he wrote these exquisite lines:

"I saw, on the top of a mountain high, A gem that shone like fire by night; It seemed a star that had left the sky, And fallen asleep on that lonely height."

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loved, and whose remembrance is twined around our heart, than meet the averted eye of changed affection. We would rather kneel above the graves of those with whom we parted in friendship, than read, within those eyes whose every gleam and glance is stamped upon our memory—change!

AN ACT TO ORGANIZE AND SUPPLY NEGRO LABOR FOR COAST DEFENCE, IN COMPLIANCE WITH REQUISITIONS OF THE GOVERNMENT OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

I. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives now met and sitting in General Assembly and by the authority of the same, That from and after the passage of this Act this State shall be divided into four Territorial Divisions, as follows, to wit:

Division No. 1. The Judicial Districts of Pickens, Greenville, Spartanburg, Anderson, Union, York, Chester, Laurens, Abbeville and Newberry to constitute the first division.

Division No. 2. The Judicial Districts of Lancaster, Kershaw, Chesterfield, Marlboro, Darlington, Marion, Sumter, Clarendon, Williamsburg and Horry, including Upper All Saints, to constitute the second division.

Division No. 3. The Judicial Districts of Fairfield, Richland, Lexington, Edgefield, Barnwell and Orangeburg, to constitute the third division.

Division No. 4. The Judicial Districts of Charleston, Colleton, Beaufort, Georgetown, including Lower All Saints, to constitute the fourth division.

II. That the negro labor hereinafter required shall be furnished by the several districts aforesaid, as follows, to wit: first, by Division No. 2; next, by Division No. 3; next, by Division No. 1; and last, by Division No. 4.

III. That as soon as the Governor shall have received from the Confederate Government, through the proper officer authorized thereto, written assent and agreement to the terms and conditions hereinafter set forth, he shall call for such labor as may be demanded by the Confederate Military Authority from the several divisions in the order aforesaid, to be furnished by the slave holders thereof, in proportion to the slave population, as specified in the last census return of this State:

1st. That the slaves liable to this call shall be the same that are liable to road duty in this State:

2d. That it shall be the duty of the Commissioners of Roads, and the Authorities of incorporated cities, towns and villages not subject to the jurisdiction of the Commissioners of Roads in the performance of road duty in the several districts to summon the owners to furnish their respective quotas of slave labor which the Governor shall require:

3d. That each levy under the call shall serve for one month, and until relieved, in turn, by the next levy. And if the said Commissioners of Roads, or any of them, shall neglect or refuse so to summon such slave owners to send their said slaves in pursuance of the requisition aforesaid, such Commissioners or Commissioner shall suffer for each and every such neglect or default, the same pains and penalties and in the same manner as now prescribed by Statute Law in this State. And that the Boards of Commissioners shall have power to appoint Commissioners in such divisions as are now vacated by the absence of Commissioners in the present war, for the ensuing year from citizens of any age:

4th. That such notice shall be given by the Engineer or other officer of the Confederate Government of all requisitions for negro labor except the first, as will enable the owners of slaves to have thirty days from the time of summons to the time of furnishing their respective quotas of slaves. That the first requisition may be made with such notice as the urgency of the case will permit.

5th. That the Confederate authorities shall furnish transportation by railroad from the depot nearest the owner's residence, the owner to transport his or her slaves at his or her own expense to such depot, irrespective of the distance of such depot from his or her residence:

6th. That rations shall be supplied by the Confederate authorities to the said slaves from the time of their arrival at such depots until their return to the homes of their owners:

7th. That the pay of each slave be eleven dollars per month, to be paid by the Confederate Government, and to be sheltered and receive all proper medical attendance in case of sickness:

8th. That the Confederate Government shall be liable to the owner for any loss or damage of or to the slave or slaves during his or their service, or from disease contracted in service, such liability to commence on the arrival of such slave or slaves at the railroad depot for transportation, and to continue until his or their return to the same; and the value shall be assessed as hereinafter provided.

V. That a State agent shall be appointed by the Governor, who shall receive for his services the pay of a Lieutenant Colonel of infantry, as allowed by the Confederate Government, during his employment, to be paid to him monthly by the Confederate Government; and there shall be also one overseer for every one hundred slaves, said overseers

to be selected by the owners or their agents, and to receive each fifty dollars per month during his employment, to be paid monthly by the Confederate Government, these said overseers to be, during their employment, subject to the orders and the jurisdiction of the Confederate military authorities.

V. That it shall be the duty of the State agent to visit all the camps of the laborers, to examine their condition, to observe their treatment and discipline, to examine their food, both as to quantity and quality, and see that it is the proper ration for each as is allowed by law, and particularly to inform himself as to their medical and surgical attendance and care, and whenever required, to report the same to the Governor, and especially at the conclusion of the tour of service of each levy, it shall be his duty to make such a report to the Governor, in whose possession it may be open for examination by the owners of the said slaves.

VI. That it shall be the further duty of the State agent to collect and receive the slaves as they shall be called into service, at the several railroad depots where they are to be delivered, to give receipts therefor to the owners or their agents at such depots, and send forward the said slaves to their points of destination; and he shall also be present at the assessment of the slaves hereinafter provided, and see that the same is made in duplicate and certify the same, and one copy to be given to the owner and the other to be retained by the Confederate authorities.

VII. That it shall be the duty of said State agent to certify the bills for the pay of the said slaves for their respective owners, specifying the number of the said slaves the time they have been employed, and the names of the owners, which bills so certified shall entitle the owners by themselves or their order endorsed thereon, to receive the same from Confederate authorities.

VIII. That in case of any attack by the enemy the slaves shall be immediately removed to some place of safety, and it shall be the duty of the State Agent and overseers to carry this provision promptly into execution—subject to the order and direction of the Confederate commanding officer, at the time and place where the slaves are employed.

IX. That before the slaves shall be employed in labor by the Confederate authorities they shall be assessed, by an Assessor, to be chosen by said authorities, and an Assessor selected by the owner or State Agent. The assessment shall be in writing and contain the name of the owner, the name or names of the slave or slaves, and his or their respective value or values; to be taken in duplicate in presence of the State Agent who shall certify the same, one copy to be delivered to the owner, and the other to be retained by the Confederate authorities, and such assessment shall be conclusive of the value of said slave or slaves.

X. That it shall be the duty of the Commissioners of Roads to see that one or more of their number be present at the respective Railroad Depots, where the said slaves are delivered to the State agent by the owner to verify the quota which each owner is bound to furnish under the call, and in default hereof they shall be liable to the same penalties as now provided by law, for not summoning hands to work on the roads in their several districts.

XI. That if any owner of slaves shall neglect or refuse to send his slave or slaves liable to the call herebefore mentioned, after the notice herein provided shall have been given him or her by the Commissioner so to do, such owner shall be liable to the same fines and penalties now provided by statute law for default in the performance of road duty, of which default the Board of Commissioners shall have full jurisdiction.

XII. That no slave owner shall be exempt from supplying slave labor for such requisitions by reason of his slave or slaves being employed at the passage of this Act in manufacturing or on Railroads, or in the boiling of salt, or in any government contract, but in such case the owner may commute for such service, by paying into the Treasury a sum of money to be computed at eleven dollars per month for each of such slaves for the time their labor would have been required under this Act.

XIII. That in the apportioning of the levies in the said several divisions, slave owners who have already furnished the slave labor shall be credited therefor, in the requisitions to be made under this Act, and no more labor shall be required from such owners than may be sufficient with the labor already furnished by them respectively, to make up their respective quotas.

In the Senate House, the eighteenth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and in the eighty-seventh year of the sovereignty and independence of the State of South Carolina.

W. D. PORTER, President of the Senate.

A. P. ALDRICH, Speaker House of Representatives.

The Empress Eugenie dressed in the most gorgeous style while at Compiègne. She appeared on one occasion with quite a collection of tropical humming birds about her person. But, says a letter writer, they were, however, arranged with good effect.

She had a dress of some very flimsy pink material, which looked so light that one would be in no way surprised to see it floating in the air like a pipe blown bubble. The skirt would have been perhaps as long as the train of a court dress, were it not what is technically called "looped up" with bunches of roses, so fresh, so fair, and so like those which grow in a well-cultivated garden that the tropical humming birds which fluttered on them seemed as if attracted there by their beauty. Fireflies also gleamed out from beneath the green leaves, and on the side of a wreath of roses and rosebuds a very long tailed bird of paradise had the privilege of being perched the whole evening.

Confederate Finances.

Our exchanges grow with learned essays on finance—the object being to show how the Government can arrest the depreciation of a redundant currency, maintain the public credit, and finally pay its debts. We have a supreme contempt for words when great and prominent facts stand out to challenge universal attention. It is a waste of breath, of paper and of common sense to beat the bush for impossible ways to do impossible things, when it is clear to every intelligent mind there is but one way to accomplish the end sought, and that as simple as the commonest sum in arithmetic, and as obvious as the evil to be corrected. What is the difficulty? It is that the Government is paying lavishly out of the treasury for the support of the war and nothing is coming into it. An empty till and depreciation of Government paper to worthlessness are the inevitable results of such a process in a given time. What is the remedy? There is but one earthly remedy, and Congressmen, Treasury Clerks and Editors may scratch their heads, and exhaust the finance libraries and fiscal references and experiences of the Governments of the world, in a vain effort to find another. Taxation is the only resource, to keep down the interest upon, and keep up the value of, your paper money, and finally to sink and absorb the principal of your debt. And while it is an inexorable truth that taxation is the true and only salvation of Confederate credit, it is also true that the sooner it is resorted to the better. Are our Congressmen afraid to approach the duty? Then, they are not the men for the times. Are they conscious of an incapacity to master the subject of finance? Then, in mercy to the country, let them resign and give place to those who have both the ability and the courage to do their duty. The people are ready to pay the tax, and they are able to bear it. They expect it. They know that their safety, property, and liberties depend upon the public credit being sustained—that the army must be disbanded unless, to the owner, and it they must become vassals to Yankee lords and their women the slaves of Yankee passions. If they have given their sons and brothers and their own blood to avert the horrid doom, will they not give their substance? Tax! that is the cure of the financial malady. Tax heavily enough to meet the public exigencies during the war, and when peace is restored it will require only a little courageous statesmanship to wield the immense resources of the Confederacy to the speedy extinguishment of its debt. We have several King staples besides cotton. The outside world may be made to pay royal tribute to them. If we succeed in this war, we shall have saved these Kings of commerce to the world. It is but right that the world should help bear the burden of the struggle, by footing the bill of costs. All this when our ports are opened. Until then, taxation is the only panacea.—Mobile Register.

The True Spirit.

The Natchez Courier relates the following incident: "At one of the places burnt by the 'Queen of the West,' owned by a lady who had been thus villainously left homeless, the valiant commander attempted to converse